



Celebration of a Colourful Life

Sheila Mary Slicer ARMS
1930 - 2016

Step into Sheila's world
from childhood to illustrator, mother, grandmother and
great grandmother, to artist, traveller and good friend.



Order of Service



Welcome friends and thank you:

Brett Smith

Daughter Annette Hirst

'Celebration of a Colourful Life'

Daughter Jane Slicer-Smith

Messages from absent friends read by Brett

Time to share your story

Fish & chips, mushy peas
and something to drink



Taken from a letter Sheila wrote in 2007 before the onset of Parkinson's.

Fate had me lined up from the very start. As a child, 'faces' were my forte and with each face I created a story in my imagination. In fact there is always a story with each of my sitters and this places portraits way ahead of other subjects.

Did I find miniatures or was it the other way around? I did say fate had it ordained. I saw my first miniatures in the British museum and they fascinated me.

In my early career as a fashion artist I naturally had put 'heads' on my bodies, but this was as close as I came to portraiture.

I submitted works to the R.S.M. exhibition and they were accepted. That first exhibition was such a thrill for me: all those beautiful, marvellous miniatures. On enquiring how I could 'join' I was quickly corrected that one must be nominated! I can still feel that moment. So, when I was made an Associate Member (R.S.M.) on the 26th September 1978 (my birthday - what a present!) I was properly appreciative of the honour.

A gentleman asked me to paint his father and eventually himself. At the sitting I was finding the 'story' and learnt my work was to join the family collection. They were all ancestors except one - a portrait of Nelson, given as a gift to his surgeon - one of his ancestors.

To my absolute horror I realised I was totally ignorant, and only had a 'surface' appreciation. Amends needed to be made immediately and I became totally fascinated with the history of miniatures.

Around the same time fate took me to Florida, where I first met Jane Blake and the M.A.S.F. I was awarded three 'firsts' between 1971 and 76, and just as importantly, I made a life time friend and had so many adventures, not to mention the experience of their show. Wonderful!

So, thanks to fate. Let me paint forever, don't let my hand shake and above all don't let my eyes become dim. Whatever happens, the joy of miniatures will never fade.

Sheila Slicer. May, 2007

www.sheila-slicer.com



Prayer & Reading by Lynette Johnson

Psalm 23

The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

Traditional Gaelic Blessing

May the road rise to meet you.

May wind be always at your back.

May the sun shine warm upon your face,

The rain fall soft upon your fields

And until we meet again.

May God hold you in the palm of His Hand.